

STUDENT'S

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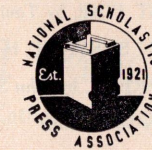
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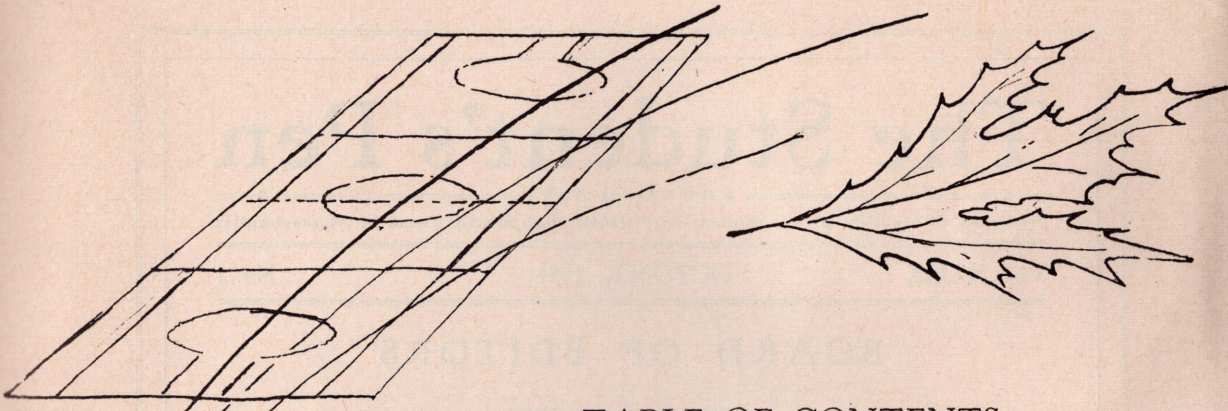
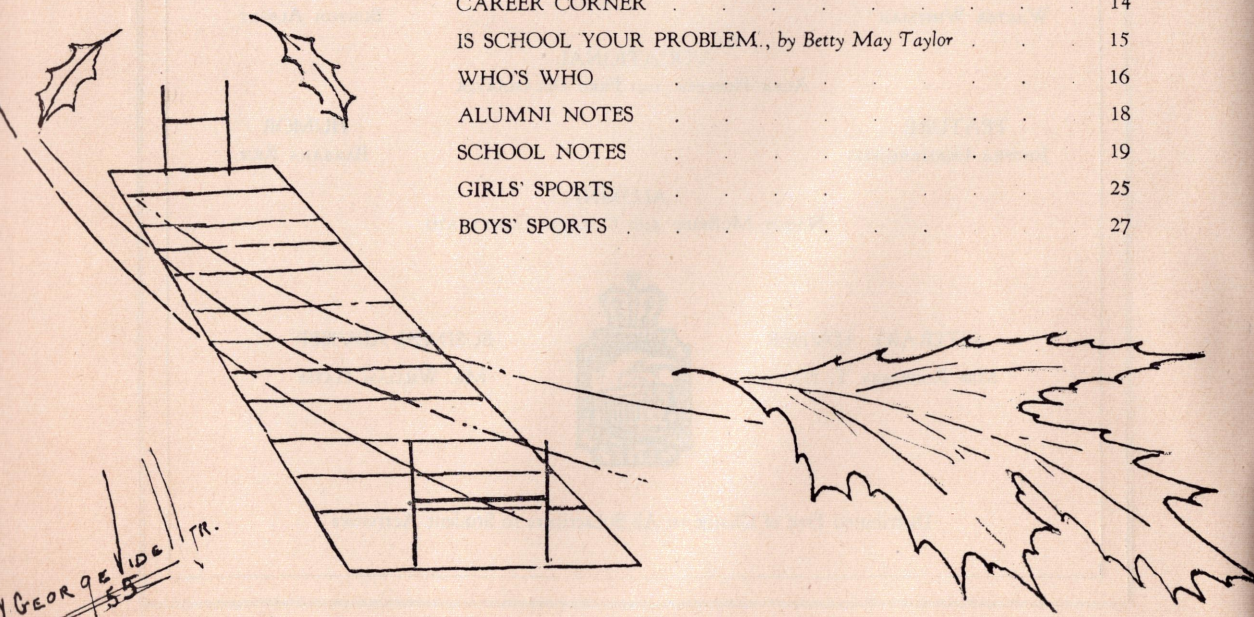
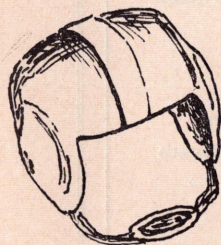


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by GEORGE VIDE TR.
55



From the EDITOR'S DESK

A Step Toward Progressive Education

By Katharine Maguire, '53

BY a referendum in the 1949 municipal elections, the citizens of Pittsfield voted by an overwhelming majority to appropriate more than \$4,000,000 for the construction of two modern junior high schools for the city. Today, the completed schools are already in use. They are the result of exemplary community service and the cooperation of many men and departments who worked and planned for their development; they are the result of a progressive civic endeavor unprecedented in the history of this city.

One of the nation's foremost school architectural firms is responsible for the strikingly modern design of the schools. The physical facilities of the new junior highs are rated among the nation's best. Both their modern equipment and furnishings and the materials used in their interior decoration are designed for serviceableness as well as attractiveness. Utilization of this equipment by the new junior high school students well demonstrate its value.

In keeping with the up-to-date facilities of the schools is a radically revised curriculum, in accordance with recommendations made by the Harvard Graduate School of Education after a special study of the Pittsfield school situation. In addition to academic sub-

jects, the curriculum includes club periods planned for the varied interests and abilities of the students. Interscholastic and intramural athletics are scheduled for after-school hours. This well-rounded program of activities develops students in every phase of the educational picture.

We, as students of Pittsfield High School, are directly affected by the opening of the North and South Junior Highs. For the first time in five years, Pittsfield High is without a ninth grade unit. A reduction of the number of our students means less crowded corridors and lunch periods; it also means less support at our rallies and games, fewer candidates for athletic teams, a decrease in the size of our band and our orchestra, and smaller extra-curricular clubs.

However, the new junior highs will better prepare students for high school because of the similarity of their programs to those of high schools. Students who have attended these schools can easily adjust to the high school pattern after graduation. It is to be hoped that Pittsfield's new junior high schools will realize the goals of maintaining a progressive educational system and provide their students with a sound basis for high school after graduation.

Halloween Through The Centuries

By Kathleen McMahon, '54



ALTHOUGH Halloween is one of our most enjoyable holidays, few people know the origin of its customs. There are some from the dark, mysterious religion of the Celts as well as the favorite Christian traditions.

Actually All Hallow's Eve (or the evening before All Saints' Day) is a solemn festival of the church dedicated to the souls in purgatory. This dedication to the dead has led to the superstition that the ghosts walk on the Eve of All Hallows. Before the fifteenth century in Europe it was common practice to leave a meal set out for the departed, who were certain to return on Hallowe'en and who must not be turned away with an empty stomach after their long journey from purgatory. Although the church banned such practices in the fifteenth century because of their pagan tendencies, the practice is still popular in Ireland and some parts of Scotland, where even the strength of Christianity could not completely wipe out the superstitions that have clung for hundreds of years.

"Trick or treat," the custom so popular in America, in which gangs of neighborhood children dress up and parade around the neighborhood begging, came to this country

with the great Irish immigration in the 1840's. One explanation for this custom is that for hundreds of years the rustics in Ireland, on an evening corresponding to Halloween, used to make trips around the neighboring countryside stopping at each farmhouse to ask for contributions in the name of "Muck Olla." Muck Olla's identity has been lost in the obscurity of the past, but he was probably some Druid god, certainly a pagan.

Another custom, though not too popular or well-known in America but very prevalent in Europe, is the burning of nuts on All Hallow's Eve to gain tips on future lovelife. This tradition has its origin in the celebration of the old Roman festival in honor of the goddess Pomona, goddess of fruit and gardens, in whose honor a celebration was held about the first of November. Custom has it that if a young lady places two nuts side by side on a hearth, naming one for herself and one for her lover, she will be able to determine her romantic future. If her lover's nut burns quietly, it indicates a steadfastness of devotion. If it cracks and jumps, it indicates unfaithfulness. If both nuts burn together, then the pair will marry.

Perhaps one of the most amusing stories concerning Halloween is the tale explaining the origin of one of the popular symbols of this holiday, the jack o'lantern. It seems that on All Hallow's Eve an Irishman named Jack had had a few too many at a local pub. His soul began to take leave of his intoxicated body and the Devil came to claim it, but Jack was not ready to give up yet.

"Let's have a drink together before we go," Jack pleaded. The devil acquiesced but told Jack that he would have to pay, since Satan never carries money.

"I've only got sixpence," said Jack, "but I've heard you can turn yourself into any shape you choose, so why not turn yourself

into a sixpence and you can change again after I've paid the bill?"

This seemed a reasonable idea to the Devil, who muttered some weird incantations and changed into a sixpence, whereupon Jack grabbed him and stuck him in his wallet. As Jack's wallet had a catch shaped like a cross, the Devil could not get out. He muttered and cursed inside the wallet and finally promised Jack he would not claim his soul for another year.

Jack set Satan free, figuring that by Halloween of next year he would have changed his ways and would have no need of fearing the Devil. But as soon as he felt secure he was back to his old habits again.

Next year, however, Jack tricked the Devil in much the same way as he had previously done, and this time his Satanic Majesty had to promise Jack his freedom forever.

Shortly after this promise was made Jack's body expired and his soul went to seek entrance at the pearly gates. Unfortunately Saint Peter turned him down and he headed toward the other gates. But the Devil seeing him shouted, "Go away! You tricked me into promising I would not claim your soul so you can't stay here."

"But where will I go?" asked Jack.

"Go back where you came from," answered Satan.

"And how shall I find my way through the windy dark?"

The Devil replied by throwing Jack a live coal; Jack put it inside a turnip which he had been gnawing. To this day he has been wandering over the earth carrying his "jack o'lantern," a lost soul with no place to go.

Halloween is a fascinating holiday with its curious mixture of Christian and pagan traditions. Of course, most of us are no longer afraid of witches and black magic; and ghosts, discouraged perhaps by the absence of their evening meal, do not haunt their former homes any more on October thirty-first. In fact, Halloween has become for the most part a children's holiday.

"THE FOREST FIRE"

By Toni Lincks, '56

A tiny spark, a bit of light,
Drops from a passing car.
A deed that seems to be so slight
Yet our dear land to mar.

Tucked down 'tween grass and fallen leaves
That unsnuffed match does lie;
A tiny whip of soft gray smoke
Curls upward to the sky.

Soon a restless line of brightness
Creeps, bearing no good.
Those rustling, unstill murmurs rise
To wake the sleeping wood.

The breezes catch the twisting flame
And carry it on high;
A roaring, crackling thunder comes
To drown the pine tree's sigh.

The forest rocks and moans and groans
Amid the smoke-filled air.
It reaches up its time-worn arms,
Offering its silent prayer.

With crimson ranks, this enemy
Advances 'cross the hill
A mass of violent, raging heat
The hearts of men to chill.

The birds and beasts before it flee,
Or die beneath its tread;
The stars and moon are hid from sight;
The sky is ruddy red.

A hundred miles of smoldering land
Lie desolate in its wake;
A thousand years of work is lost
Before the dawn can break.

Dropped carelessly from passing car
That tiny little spark.
A deed that seemed to be so slight,
Unheeded in the dark.

Operation Surprise

By Joanna Camerlengo, '55

YESTERDAY afternoon I came home from school fortified with enough homework to last all night. But no sooner had I entered the kitchen than I found myself faced with the prospect of watching my two younger sisters, five-year-old Mary and six-year-old Anita, while Mother went out for "just a few minutes."

Immediately after she left, I settled down to my Latin translation, but not for long. I had just reached the first word in the sentence when Mary screeched, "I want a drink and I can't reach the faucet!" This was followed by a crash. After cleaning up the remains of the glass, I began hunting for the verb in the Latin sentence, only to be interrupted by a much louder crash than the first. Anita, in an effort to reach a cracker on the table, had taken hold of the tablecloth and had pulled the cloth, dishes, and silverware on top of herself.

After straightening things up, I sent Anita and Mary upstairs to their bedroom to play and once more returned to poor Caesar. I finally succeeded in finding the evasive verb, and even struggled through the rest of the sentence before I realized that something was wrong. Things were too quiet now, and that spelled trouble! With many misgivings, I ascended the stairs and peeked cautiously into the bedroom to be confronted by a chaos that resembled the ruins of Carthage, the scene of an atom bomb explosion, and the wake of a hurricane.

The floor was spotted with puddles of soapy water, and Anita and Mary were happily engaged in waxing it with toothpaste. The stuffed toys looked as though they had gone for a swim in the bathtub, and Anita and Mary looked as if they didn't know enough to come in out of the rain.

Half an hour later I returned to my studies and realized, with horror, that in all the time

Mother had been gone, I had been able to translate only one Latin sentence. Deciding that a change of languages might help, I turned to English. "A noun is the name of a person, place, or thing," I mumbled to myself.

"Look!" Mary interrupted, "I'm the Lady from Africa!" She was standing in the doorway. Even in my jaundiced state of mind, I almost laughed at her outlandish attire. A big doll blanket was wrapped around her and tied at the waist for a skirt, while another was draped over her head and shoulders. She had tied on numerous small decorations consisting of doll clothes and ribbons.

"Mary! You go upstairs and put all those things away," I ordered.

"Oh, no! I can't!" she protested. "This isn't me . . . it's the Lady from Africa."

That was the end! Human nature can stand just so much. But as I sank down exhausted, help came from an unexpected quarter; someone rushed in, shouting, "Mother's coming up the street now!"

The Lady from Africa evaporated and a beatific quiet descended upon the house. There were occasional faint whisperings and scurrings, suggestive of things being set back in order upstairs.

A few minutes later Mother, accompanied by my brother, did, indeed, enter and made a cursory inspection to see that all was in order.

She gave a sigh of relief as she said, "I'm glad that's over; I thought I'd never get back. How people can take so long to do a simple thing I'll never know." Then she smiled and remarked very cheerfully, "But, of course, you didn't mind. It's so nice and quiet here, I'm sure you did a lot of your homework while I was away."

The Shipwreck

By John Shuttleworth, '54

GEORGE looked up from his book, gazed at the clear, blue, autumn sky, and reflected. He picked up one of the few first-fallen leaves of the season, rolled and twirled it between his thumb and forefinger, and then tossed it away. The recent past seemed like a distant dream, a fantastic, preposterous illusion. But it was there; and it never would really be quite forgotten. It lingered in his mind like an eternal symbol of excitement, terror and tragedy, all rolled into one lasting memory.

His thoughts flew back to that grey, raw, stormy day when he was traveling to Europe with his two cousins, Louise and Henry Brendmere * * * * They were about two hundred miles off the coast of England when the storm began. During the night a cold stiff wind blew up, causing the ship to sway a little more than usual. Before morning the wind had developed into a gale. Waves were pushed by the wind into breakers which plunged and then rose, plunged deeper and rose higher. Torrential rains beat on the cabin roof and on the helpless decks. The tempest mounted. Suddenly a high sea carried off everything that wasn't nailed down on the lower decks. The three—Louise, her brother Henry, and their cousin George—gazed with anxiety out of a window in the main salon. Each wondered what would go next. Each knew what was in the other's mind.

Then it happened. A splintering crash filled all ears. Everyone in the room was thrown to the floor. In the midst of all the confusion, the first mate strode into the room.

"Attention," he ordered with as calm a voice as he could manage. "The ship has collided with rocks, believed by the captain to be the reefs of the Scilly Islands. Even our pumps, working continuously, will not

be enough to save the ships. Life boats must be used. There are enough for all if order is kept."

The frightened people gasped nervously. Panic, as if hurled in the form of a thousand spears or a gripping vice, clutched the passengers. Heedless of the officer's advice, all swarmed out to the deck. Some fell in the mad rush.

The ship, pitching violently, made matters worse. Water began to fill the lower regions of the ship, and it flowed in at a dangerous rate. The crew tried to control the mob, but in vain. The captain's hoarse orders were yelled at the top of his voice, but to no avail. Frantically, the screaming mob descended into the lowered lifeboats. Could this be the human race, pushing and trampling one another in their savage haste, each thinking of himself only?

In the tumult Louise managed to catch sight of her brother. She pushed through the crowd to him.

"Henry," she gasped, "George—where is he? Have—have you seen him since the ship—?"

"No," replied her brother desperately. "I've been searching for both of you since we came out on deck. But we haven't much time to start a new search. There is an undiscovered lifeboat that is secured," his voice dropped, "under an old tarpaulin at the stern. We may as well keep quiet about it and go when the ship is less crowded. We can give notice to any who might be remaining then by some chance on board about the hidden craft."

After the two gave another short but frantic search for their cousin, they agreed that he must have taken a place in one of the already departed lifeboats.

Ten minutes later, when the last lifeboat, containing Louise and Henry and a few re-

maining passengers who had clearer and calmer minds, departed from the rapidly sinking ship, the storm had abated somewhat.

As the small boat, half rowed, half drifting, left the ship behind, Henry suddenly started. "Louise!! Look! It's George! He's on the ship waving for us to go back! We've got to turn back. He's going down with the ship!" By this time, the small craft had drifted quite a distance.

"No," replied a near-by passenger firmly. "It's still too rough and we'd never make it. We have all we can do to keep this craft on a straight course in to the harbor of these islands. They're probably the Scillys the captain said, and—"

"Wait!" screamed Louise. "You've got to turn back. Hurry. He'll drown—he—he'll—oh—". Her voice trailed off in horror. The sinking ship disappeared under the surface of the black, cold deep. Silently the small life boat vanished into the storm.

Two days later George Lobert was picked up by a schooner bound for the Scilly Islands. He had been clinging to a cluttered mass of wreckage.

After some hot tea and biscuits he dropped off in a deep sleep. Many hours later he rubbed the sleep from his eyes, sat up abruptly and inquired of the schooner's second mate about the recent shipwreck.

"Twenty-five reached shore safely as far as I have heard," the latter started slowly. "The original list of passengers was cabled from the United States after we cabled when the first report came in. That leaves about seven-hundred missing, and," he added, with a strange light in his eyes, "four bodies were washed ashore and were found last night by the Islanders. A returning ship hailed us this morning and gave us the news. Two were identified as Henry and Louise. Brendmere, I think they said. Tragic, wasn't it, eh?"

PURPOSE

By Sara Milne, '55

Did you ever stop to think just why
God placed you here to live and die?
What is the purpose, or the work
He meant for you to do, not shirk?

Some are sure what they are made for,
Others wait before the door
At which they'll make their big decision,
But God fails not; he gives them vision.

And then there are those who do not wish
to succeed

Because for them, hard work is a need.
But was there ever a lazy man
Who lived to the fullest his life's short span?

There is a place into which you will fit
So don't ever get so discouraged you quit,
For God has given to man a brain,
And He did not give him one in vain.

"AT WAHCONAH, NOVEMBER 11"

By Sandra N. Rabiner, '54

The wind she blows;
My nose is froze.
My uppers are a talkin'!
My breath, she freeze;
I snuff a sneeze.
I'm hachoo-monia walkin'!

Hip! Hip! Three cheers!
My sinus clears!
Our Jim is on the run!
Look out there, bud . . .
Oop! In the mud*!J*!
Tennis, anyone?

My nose restuffs,
Our runner puffs,
But look around—who's kickin'?
Not even me
As long as we
Give "great" St. Joe a lickin'!!!

Halloween Night

By Marlene Burns, '55

IT was the witches' night. The moon was eerie orange as it moved slowly through the haunting black path of the heavens. It passed behind invisible clouds and glowed mysteriously. Now and then it would hide itself in among the branches of the tall trees which reached for the sky. It slithered along its path, with a sly, smug expression on its round face.

The sidewalks basked in the pale glow of the moonlight, and my body cast grotesque shadows upon the pavement as I walked through the night. I was alone—utterly and completely alone in this scene. The only obvious sound was the rhythmic click-clack of my shoes upon the concrete. Click-clack. The beat strode invisibly with me. I was walking regularly, at a steady, even pace which never faltered. Click-clack. My thoughts were collected, my mind was calm, and my footstep was assured. Click-clack, click-clack through the black night.

A twig snapped! I whirled around and caught my breath. A moment later I was walking onward but in an increased tempo. I fought for the control of my imagination, which had always been my master at times like this. As I tried frantically not to give free rein to my imagination, I walked onward. I found myself going faster, however. Click-clack, click-clack on the hard, dry pavement. Click-clack. Suddenly, out of nowhere, I thought I heard a reply to the music of my feet. I walked faster and tried to keep my thoughts collected. I did not dare to look behind me for fear of what I might see. Click-clack. Click-clack. They were quick, frightened footsteps. As they continued behind me, I began to run.

Soon I was panting heavily. My side ached from the pain of running, and my hands

dug into my body as the pain shot through me. The footsteps seemed to grow faster. I ran as hard and fast as I was able, but they still were behind me. Click-clack, click-clack, on the pavement.

Suddenly the sidewalk loomed up in front of me as I stumbled and landed in a confused heap under the street lamp. I picked myself up gingerly, as I felt another pain shoot through my weak ankle. With relief, I looked up and saw that home was only one block away. I limped along, my mind a horrible jumble. I vaguely heard steps behind me, but my head was beginning to spin as I tripped up onto the porch. I opened the door and breathed a sigh of relief. But suddenly looming in front of me, his face swathed in a hideous mask of light thrown by the hall lamp was a gigantic man. In my rush to dash upstairs—as best I could considering my aches and pains—I threw myself against his bulk. With a smile on his face, his arms reached up to my shoulders. He started to speak, but as he did so I collapsed helplessly in his arms and fell to the floor.

I traveled through an eerie chasm of black—but awoke in my bed some hours later, with huge Uncle Karl leaning over me, Mother and Dad by his side. I told them everything and they listened with curiosity. I realized then that I had simply let all control of myself scatter to the winds. Such a beautiful night had not been meant for the horrible experience I had just had. Outside the moon still shimmered and wore its sly, smug expression as it glided through the black sky. However, riding in the full face of the moon was a wretched old black witch, who cackled delightedly to herself as she passed quickly over the roof-top of our house.

"Hit the Dirt, and Open Fire!"

By Daniel Petruzella, '53



NO, that isn't a sergeant of the 133rd Marine Division in Korea speaking. Those are the words of a buck private enrolled at Mercer Grammar School on the corner of Orchard and First Streets.

The time was late in June, 1945, in a friend's back yard, which we referred to as "Okinawa." I can still remember the tenseness of our platoon as we sat, every eye fixed on his synchronized "Mickey Mouse" watch, waiting the slowly approaching zero hour—the hour at which we were to attack.

The early days of my youth and the Second World War were contemporary. It was a time of flourishing patriotism. Movies, schools, songs, radio-programs, rationing—everything and everyone contributed to promote the morale which made our country victorious. I recall attending the Friday-night Boys' Club movies. Nearly every week we saw pictures like "Coming in on a Wing and a Prayer," "Battle-Ground," "The Halls of Montezuma," "Flying Tigers" and many others. Here is where the boys my age received their knowledge of combat, espionage, and other activities which savored of war. Each of us would choose a character and

would take note of everything he did or said. Then we would re-portray the action either in the mill lot or in any other area which would resemble a battleground and would prove suitable.

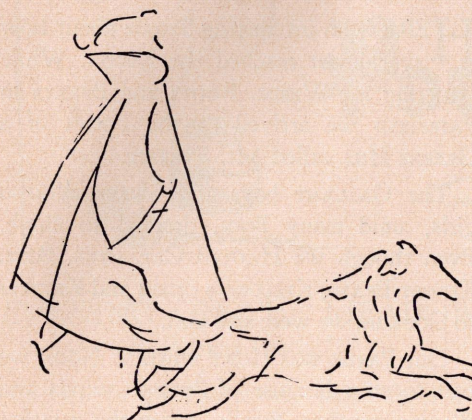
The equipment used varied from two clothes-pins joined together, to represent a 45 automatic, to a genuine carbine. Most of the articles were given to us either by a brother, father, uncle, or anyone who was in the armed forces. We certainly were realistic about our so-called game of "Guns." Sometimes we used language such as a staff of high brass, treading upon plush carpets, would use or the common lingo of a typical "G.I. Joe" up to his hips in mud. All sizes of fire-crackers were used to represent explosions. We made hand grenades out of tin-cans, which we stacked with dirt and stones and a 3-inch salute jammed down the middle. We cut down trees and dug trenches about four feet deep all over the lot. We also built such things as forts, pill-boxes, tanks, and anti-aircraft guns.

We used to sleep over-night in a barn. Each of us brought paint and some wallpaper from home and remodeled the second story. That room had everything. Anything we found that would be of some value we brought up and made room for, somehow.

Well, things have changed quite a bit in the last eight years. As I look around I find my old platoon pretty well scattered. Some have been in real combat, some in industry, and a few still in school. Some heard the familiar cry "Hit the dirt and open fire," only this time it was not our old game of "Guns." There were real enemies with real warfare, but the platoon's attitude had not changed much. They were still fighting for the same objective, victory.

Her Own Dog

By Toni Lincks, '56



IT was one of those golden autumn mornings. The air was chilly and biting, even though the sun, rising in the east, was smiling brightly on every tree and plant. Across the frosty field came Vicky Linn, racing partly to keep warm, but mostly just with the joy of a few extra minutes before she must be off to school. Prancing in front of her, his luscious full coat gleaming in the sunlight, was Robin, her handsome collie.

Robin had been raised for show but old Mrs. Trixland, his owner, had decided against it and had allowed Vicky to keep him as a house pet for her. The old lady had eventually intended to give him to Vicky, but, while on a trip to Europe, had become ill and passed away.

A year had gone by and Vicky and her grandparents had come to think of Robin as their own. I am sure Robin's feelings were mutual.

Only the brightest future seemed to lie ahead of Vicky as she flew along the little path to the stable that her grandfather had converted into an animal hospital for his work as a veterinarian. As she rounded the grove of fancy-colored trees that hid the stable from view, she realized that her grandfather

was not alone. Vicky stopped, panting, and tried to gather all her dignity about her, for after all she was a senior at Glenndale High and it wouldn't do for strangers to see her acting like a first grader! Robin frisked up to Dr. Linn, unheeding of the strangers. They seemed to be deep in consultation and for some reason Vicky sensed that something was wrong.

Suddenly one of them spoke. "Eh, that's the collie, Trixland's Robin. I always thought Aunt Bess was nuts to send the pup out here, but see how this country air's filled him out! He'll be a winner all right!"

The words dulled Vicky's senses. She heard the man introduce himself as Rex Trixland, Mrs. Trixland's nephew, who had taken over her kennels. All that Vicky could grasp was that they were taking Robin away. Her grandfather shook his grey head sadly in a way that only meant that there was no way of stopping them.

Then Mr. Trixland went on to say, "We're taking him off as soon as possible. We want to get him ready for the big Annual Kennel Show. He probably is very rusty in show-etiquette, but what can you expect . . . Oh, yes, thanks a whole lot for caring for him, Dr. Linn."

Hot words pushed their way into Vicky's throat. She wanted to make them understand that Mrs. Trixland had given Robin to them so that he might have a good home; but, instead, hot tears welled up in her eyes. She tried to tell herself that this was all very childish. She had known that Robin must go sometime. Now, as she saw them put the choke collar on him, lead him up the plank onto the truck, take off the collar, and fasten the door of the box, every last fear had become a reality.

Robin looked up at Vicky with wistful eyes that seemed to be pleading, as only a

dog can, for her explanation of this strange occurrence. She turned away from his searching gaze and walked away from the men, who were talking over a few last minute details.

Then, how it happened she couldn't say, but the next thing she knew, Robin was jumping out of the truck and running down the driveway. All three men started in hot pursuit, shouting all sorts of things about catches that wouldn't stay fastened and dogs that won't stay where they are put. Robin must have thought this was a new sort of game for he dashed on toward the highway. Then before anyone could think, a big truck rounded the corner and Robin lay on the highway.

They rushed forward silently. The truck driver burst forth with apologies and explanations that it wasn't his fault and that the dog had just run in front of the truck. No one was listening to him. All eyes were on the pitiful picture of a once-handsome collie and the elderly veterinarian who bent over him.

"He's still alive. Only a few bones are broken. Don't worry, Honey. He'll pull through all right." The last was to Vicky, who hovered by his side.

"All right . . . !" exploded Rex Trixland. "That dog is ruined! He'll never be able to show! I'll sue your company!"

They carried him tenderly up to the barn. As the doctor cared for him, he said, "Do you want to take him with you to the kennel or would you rather leave him here until he recovers!"

Just then the older of the three men spoke up saying, "Rex, you won't ever be able to show that dog now. He'll be just a bother to you. Why don't you let the girl keep him?"

Rex grunted, "Yes, I guess she might as well," in his rough annoying manner, but to Vicky they were the most wonderful words in the world.

Her heart swelled with happiness as she buried her face in her dog's deep ruff. Robin wagged his tail feebly for somehow I'm sure, he knew!

A P.H.S. Story

By Keye Hollister, '55
and Carol Rattman, '55

HERE is an interesting STORIE about how we almost reached the MOON. While HUNTING for WEEDS, ROOTS and BERRYS in FAIRFIELD we arrived at the FOOTE of a GREENE HILL called Mt. EVEREST.

The GALLANT boys and SWEET, YOUNG girls, amid many BOOS, decided to climb. Even though we HAULED CREAMERS, RICE, KIDNEY BEANS, KELLOGG's cereal and KETTLES to COOK in, we were still GAI.

Our PRYDE was HURT when at NOON we had to stop because of STRONG winds and RAINEY weather. Finally, when the weather was PHAIR, we reached an altitude of 10,000 feet. Suddenly, we heard a strange WHALEN. We rushed into the WOODS and under the towering OLD OAKES we found a MANN with his leg caught in a MOLE hole. Fortunately, a HUNTER, chasing a LYON and a FOX, stopped and helped us rescue the MANN. We made a LITTER for him and started on our way.

After we FORDED two RIVERS, we came to some knee-deep SNOW. We sent a PORTER back to PARIS to get our OLDS ready for the trip back to DALTON. When we got down it was good to see GREENLEAFS and sunlight.

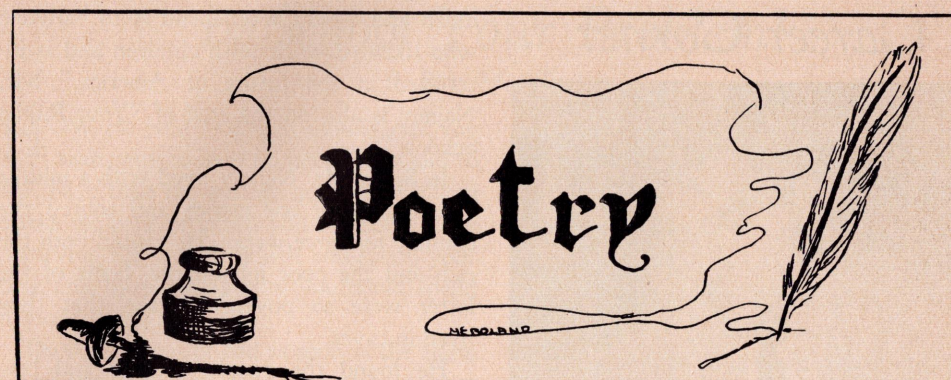
We didn't reach the MOON or the top of Mt. EVEREST, but we had a good time with just a few BANGS and BURNS.

PASTORAL

By Paula Waxstein, '55

Listen to the song of water falling
From a crag high on the mountain side;
From greatest heights to a whirlpool rippling,
Sweetly and clearly it flows.

Listen to the song of the shepherd boy
Guarding his goats on the mountain side,
With his plaintive pipe, watching over them,
Sweetly and clearly he calls.



EVENING ON THE MEADOW

By Patricia Loach, '53

The stir of life has slowly faded from the earth;

Quiet now the busy, bustling world of men,
Save for the gentle sigh of tired, contented wind

Who, like a happy songbird, nestles down to rest,

Her wings outspread, protecting, o'er her sleeping brood.

The meadow, under coverlet of sparkling dew
Dreams happily with memories of summer days:

Of birds, of buzzing insects, and of smiling skies,

And blowing grass and flowers, whose sweet perfume is born

With that of woodland scents upon the evening breeze.

Breaking through the sleeping stillness of the night

The cricket, drowsy from his summer day of work,

Still labours, with the breeze and twittering, sleepy birds,

To render forth for all God's creatures seeking rest

The sweetest and most soothing lullabye on earth.

ENDEAVOR

By Joanna Camerlengo, '55

It was early in the morning,
And the sun was sleeping still
When Jack Frost came briskly skipping
O'er a grassy, little hill.

When he stopped and looked around him
Things were dismal as could be;
For he thought that green was really
Much too dull for any tree.

So he took out brush and palette
And a little water too,
And he mixed up many colors—
Every one a different hue.

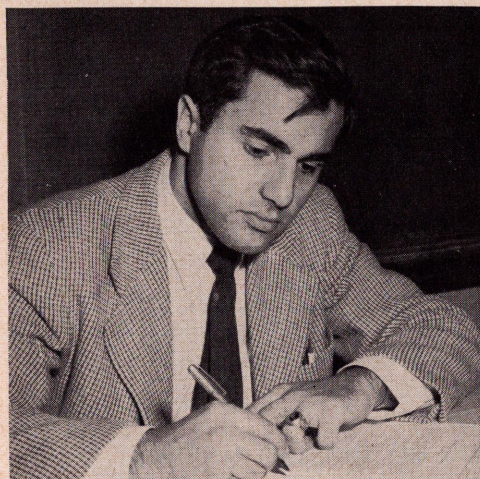
Swiftly, skillfully he colored
Each green leaf that he could see;
When he finished, the surroundings
Had improved (or so thought he!)

All the trees now looked so pretty,
While the windows seemed so bare,
That he could not help but dally
Just to frost one here and there.

So he ended up by frosting
Not just those but all the rest,
And each decorated window
Seemed by far to be the best.

It was early in the morning
And the sun was sleeping still,
When Jack Frost went briskly skipping
O'er the grassy, little hill.

Career Corner



MR. NORMAN NAJIMY

WOULD you like to meet Mr. Norman Najimy, community ambassador to Spain, whose visit to that country this summer was part of an experiment in International Living? Sponsored by the Citizen's Committee of Pittsfield, it purported to promote a better understanding between Spain and America through the inter-changing of customs and ideas. Mr. Najimy was one of sixty representatives from various cities throughout the United States who lived abroad for a period of several weeks.

This ambassador of good will was graduated from Pittsfield High in 1947. He was on the year book staff and a member of the Class Day committee. As a student, he took two years of Spanish, which he did not realize then would prove to be of so much value to him in 1953. He enrolled at Worcester State Teachers' College, where he belonged to the men's Athletic Association and the Literary Club. Active in the Dramatic Club, he took part in three plays.

This alumnus is now a fifth grade teacher at Tucker School. He enjoys teaching very

much and would recommend it to "anyone who likes to work with children and is interested in the future of America." Mr. Najimy is also on the staff of "Your Public Schools."

In Spain Mr. Najimy lived with a middle class family for one month and toured the country for three weeks. He visited both the rich and the poor inhabitants. Some of the latter were so poverty-stricken that they lived in caves.

He found the people friendly and hospitable. They were all very interested in America, but they picture all Americans as rich, with plenty of leisure time. They also believe that racial segregation is prevalent in the United States.

"The Spaniards enjoy studying just about as much as American students," Mr. Najimy wryly remarked. He went on to say, however, that the Spaniards have read quite a bit of American literature and have studied Shakespeare. They also know the geography of our country. He commented, "Wherever I went I found that the people of nations had no desire to fight the people of other nations."

Mr. Najimy learned much about the Spanish music, art, folk ways, and the language of the day. He especially noted that it is a land of contrast. In any city one might pass by a beautiful modern building right next to an old Moorish Mosque converted into a church. Usually the only traffic that he had to watch out for was a donkey or a horse, and occasionally a car.

As far as our Ambassador is concerned, the experience is not yet completed, since he will be writing several articles about American education and our national holidays for the State University at Zaragoza, Spain. Mr. Najimy feels that the experiment has been very successful. The Spaniards must be of this same point of view, for they are prepared to invite twice as many Americans to their homes next year.

Is School Your Problem?

By Betty Mae Taylor

HOW are your grades in school? Are you managing to keep up your marks and to still have time for outside activities? If low marks are your problem, you can solve it by observing the way in which you spend your time and by planning how you could spend it more wisely.

Do you get out of bed as soon as the alarm rings? If you do not, then it is probable that you either rush with your breakfast or have none at all. Then perhaps you run to school and have to spend most of the homeroom period just getting organized. You spend about three-fourths of the study period day dreaming about your next date, what you're going to do as soon as school closes, etc. By the time you have come to, you have to hurry in order to complete the homework assignment.

However, your problem may not be in getting good grades. Maybe you have high marks, but you just don't seem to have time for anything but study. You want to be a member of the gang, or join a club, or even go out on dates; but you don't have time for those things which seem so important to you. Here again, careful planning of your time might clear up the difficulty.

Take, for instance, that hour a day that you must spend on your music lesson. In lump form it cuts a big hole in your extra time. Perhaps you would like the afternoon for sports or the evening for a club meeting. Why not try practicing half an hour in the morning before school and half an hour before dinner?

If you seem to be spending too much time on homework, the reason might be that you have poor study habits. Work on speeding up your reading and learn to concentrate as hard as you can while doing your homework. If you spend your time in study hall doing your assignments instead of day dreaming,

you will have much less homework; hence, you will have more free time. Another way to cut down on the amount of homework before you even get home is by paying attention during class time. You have to be there anyway, but if you pay attention your homework will be a great deal easier. When the teacher gives the homework assignment, take notes on it and be sure that you know exactly what is expected of you. Then you won't have to waste time at home by calling Mary to find out what the assignment was.

Some kind of system for studying is important. First of all, find a good place to study and become accustomed to using that place whenever you have homework. Make sure that this is a quiet place where you can be alone. Certainly if you study in the living-room, where the television or radio is blaring, it will take you much longer to do your homework and it will not be thoroughly learned.

Next, see that you have everything that you will need before you begin. If you have everything ready at your fingertips, you will not have to be jumping up and down, losing valuable time in the attempt to get settled again. Work at a desk or table, have a good light, plenty of paper and pencils and a dictionary.

Another good study habit is to set a certain time. Plan to spend only so much time on any one subject. If you have more than one subject it is a good idea to do the harder one first, saving the easier for the time when you are apt to be more restless.

As you apply these tricks for saving time and as you learn to plan your day, you will find that you not only can keep good grades at school but that you have more time for extra-curricular activities. You will be growing up and liking it.

WHO'S WHO

October, 1953

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LARRY HERZIG

Senior . . . Co-captain of football team . . . Co-chairman of ring committee . . . Runs for the track team . . . Elected vice-president of Hi-Y . . . Elected to Student Council . . . Pet peeve: "homework."

JIMMY DITELLO

Senior . . . Co-captain of football team . . . Was co-chairman of the Junior Prom . . . Runs for the track team . . . Elected to Student Council . . . Belongs to Hi-Y . . . Pet peeve: "People who bother me while I'm eating."



KATHY MAGUIRE

Senior . . . Editor of THE STUDENT'S PEN . . . Member of Delta Tri-Hi-Y . . . Chairman of Junior Prom music committee . . . Member of Junior Class Council . . . Participates in girls' sports . . . Favorites: swimming and hockey . . . Future plans include college.

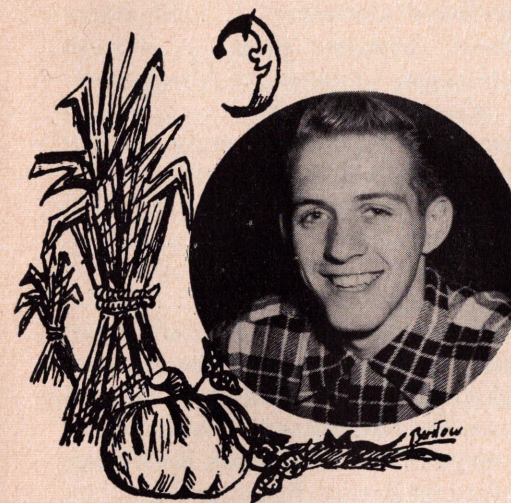


MARY LOU ANDERSON

Senior . . . Concert mistress of P.H.S. orchestra . . . Studied violin for five years, voice for one . . . Belongs to Glee Club and Mixed Glee Club . . . Favorites: cello, chowmein, dancing and harmony . . . Future plans include a Liberal Arts course at University of Massachusetts . . . Comment: "Being a senior isn't all it's cracked up to be."

MARTHA WESTON

Senior . . . Head majorette . . . Likes to sew and listen to music by Peter Tchaikovsky . . . Favorites: pizza and French . . . Pet peeve: people on diets . . . Future plan: "To graduate."

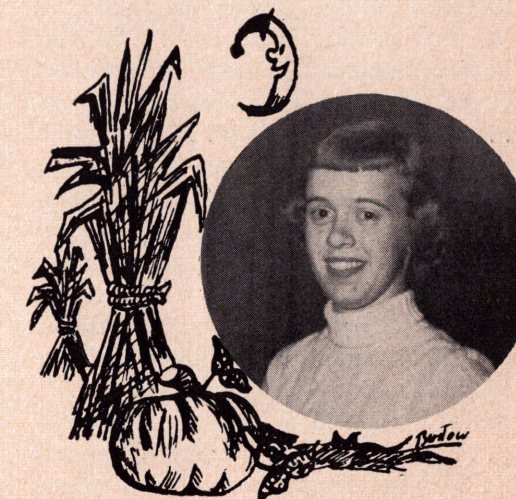


BILL BARSTOW

Senior . . . Art editor of STUDENT'S PEN . . . Plays center on football team . . . Cymbalist in P.H.S. band . . . Member of Hi-Y . . . Publicity chairman for Junior Prom . . . Member of the ring committee . . . Likes the Yankees and eating.

JANE LUNDBERG

Senior . . . Captain of cheerleaders . . . Member of Delta Tri-Hi-Y and Junior Prom music committee . . . Devotee of Spanish . . . A Red Sox fan . . . Pet peeve: being called Lindberg . . . Future plans include college.





ALUMNI NOTES STAFF

Editors: Corinne Comparata, Nancy McBride

Robert Dallmeyer, Paula Waxstein, Olga Aulisio, Carolyn Sammet, Peter Genovese

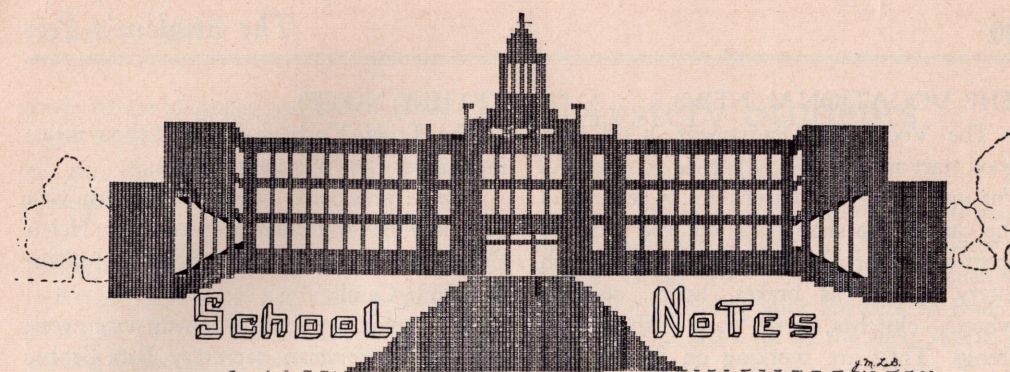
Good luck to the following '53 graduates who are now attending college.

ANITA ADAMS, Bates . . . DOLORES BAREA, University of Vermont . . . MARY ELLEN BOLAND, University of Massachusetts . . . DIANE BYRNE, Jackson College of Tufts . . . LORITA CALDERELLA, Our Lady of the Elms . . . MARILYN CASE, University of Bridgeport . . . FRANCES CUSATO, University of Massachusetts . . . GAEL DONOGHUE, College of New Rochelle . . . MARLENE FORBES, North Adams State Teachers' College . . . CAROLYN GILBERT, Syracuse University . . . KAREN HANDLER, Skidmore . . . CAROLE HASKINS, Smith College . . . GRACE HENDERSON, Ithaca College . . . MARI KUSIK, Green Mountain Junior College . . . JUDITH LARKIN, Bates . . . BARBARA LIMONT, William and Mary . . . WILLIAM BRAZILL, Williams . . . BRADLEY BOWERS, Syracuse University . . . MARTHA SHOCK, Westfield State Teachers College, . . . ILEEN SMITH, Brandeis . . . JANE WHITING, University of Colorado . . . HAROLD BYRDY, Williams . . . NANCY GIARD, BETTY DALY, JOAN GRADY, JEAN MUNRO, PATRICIA NOON, Henry W. Bishop School of Nursing . . . CHARLES GARIVALTIS, Colgate . . . THOMAS BOSSIDY, Worcester Preparatory School . . . JUDITH FEDER, Endicott . . . CYNTHIA GOLDMAN, Becker Junior College . . . ANTHONY CANCELLA, Syracuse University . . . SALLY REAGAN, University of Vermont . . . HENRY HENDRICKSON, North Adams

State Teachers College . . . ROBERT SCHWAGER, Boston University . . . MARYBETH O'BRIEN, Annhurst College . . . FRANCIS McNAMARA, University of Massachusetts . . . CAROLYN JACOB, Smith . . . GORDON SHEPARDSON, Norwich University . . . BERNARD ESTERMAN, Rochester Institute of Technology . . . MICHAEL PHAIR, Boston College . . . LARRY BOSSIDY, Colgate . . . PHILIP KRAUSE, Ward School of Electronics . . . EDWARD DELUSKEY, Holy Cross . . . JEFFREY BURROWS, Williams . . . RONALD HEBERT, Boston University . . . ROGER SPRING, New England Conservatory of Music . . . MARCIA DADLEY, Massachusetts Hospital School of Nursing . . . CAROL WALTERS, Russell Sage . . . RICHARD BABILLIS, Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute . . . WILLIAM RYALL, Bates . . . EDWARD KOSCHER, Notre Dame . . . STEPHEN WILK, Massachusetts College of Pharmacy . . . ROBERT SNOW, Morrisville Technical Institute.

WOODROW MORGAN, '53, is now in the United States Marines at Parris Island, Virginia.

RICHARD HAMILTON, '48, has entered the University of Missouri in Columbia to study for his master's degree in geology. He completed four years at the University of Massachusetts, where he was a member of Sigma Gamma Epsilon, honorary earth sciences fraternity, and Sigma Phi Epsilon, social fraternity.



SCHOOL NOTES STAFF

Editor—Katy MacCarthy

Mary Bolotin, Martha Weston, Corrine Comparato, Carol Prentiss, Nancy McBride, Sondra Sable, Kathleen McMahon, Carolyn Lucas, Eleanor Farrell, Sonia Kronick, Lucy Jordan, Beverly Cowell, Madeline Tini, Tina Sinopoli, Margo Gall, Dorothy Clark, Susan Connors, Marcia Lipsey, Keye Hollister, Leslie Nussbaum, Carol Rattman, Pat Whalen, Marilyn Marks, Mary Ann Carity, Marilyn Chapman, Bonnie Clark, Barbara McCarthy, Martha Cox.

SENIOR CLASS ELECTIONS

The Senior Class elections, held on Tuesday, October 6, had the following results:

President—Joseph Spadafora; vice president (girl)—Barbara Rice; vice president (boy)—William Smith; treasurer—Betty Mae Taylor; secretary—Carol Prentiss.

JUNIOR CLASS NOTES

The Junior Class, now upper classmen, is looking forward to a successful year. Soon they will elect class officers. This year, along with other activities, they will plan for the Junior Prom and receive their class rings.

MOTION PICTURE CLUB

At the first meeting of the Motion Picture Club on Friday, September 11, the officers for this year were elected. The results of the voting are as follows: president, Cherolyn Bourdo; vice-president, Paula Waxstien; recording secretary, John Garity; corresponding secretary, Marilyn Deignan; treasurer, Ann Marie Chamberlain; discussion leader, Nancy DeWitt; sunshine committee chairman, Peter Genovese; reporting committee chairmen, Glenna Menard and Russell Pearce.

At the executive meeting on Friday, September 18, *The Master of Ballantrae*, *The Lost One*, and *Farmer Takes the Wife* were chosen as the pictures of the month.

THE GLEE CLUB'S ACTIVITIES

The fact that the Glee Clubs are being held in school time this year helps to increase the number participating. Mr. Wayne has a large schedule planned, which includes music at the Christmas program, a spring concert, and a large role in the Western Massachusetts Music Festival to be held here this spring. Some of the music for the spring concert now in rehearsal is "Make Believe," "Summer Time," and "Were You There."

PARLEZ-VOUS?

Pittsfield High is now sporting a French Club composed of any interested souls who are willing to attempt French conversation.

At the first meeting held on Thursday, September 24, the following officers were elected: president, Mademoiselle Janet Cheyne; secretaire, Monsieur Gerald Teboul; chef de projets, Mademoiselle Katy MacCarthy.

At the second meeting on September twenty-ninth Monsieur Teboul told, *a la francais*, about life in North Africa, where he lived before coming to Pittsfield.

Sometime in the future the club hopes to have a French dinner.

THE VOCATIONAL NEWS

The Vocational Department is off to a good start as far as special jobs are concerned. For instance, Auto Mechanics is getting all the cars in the shop ready for the state inspection. Right now they are repairing such safety devices as brakes, lights, steering wheels, clutches, and many other such things. They are working on faculty and students' cars. They would like to specialize in anything that has to do with the safety of the car.

The Sheet Metal Department has just completed for the new junior high schools, two hundred and sixty brass mirror clips that could not be bought otherwise. They also just finished fixing the lockers and making waste baskets in the high school.

The Police Department has just received the last of the "no-parking" signs, mounted on saw horses, from the Cabinet Making Department. The boys who worked on this were Joseph Puia, Joe Sawick, George Taylor and Wayne Champlain.

The Print Shop did a very important job for the new junior high schools by making a booklet for the pupils. They borrowed the type from the *Berkshire Evening Eagle* to reprint an article which appeared in the *Eagle* on August 18, 1953. This booklet contains information designed to help the student in every possible way. Another important project for the two junior highs was worked on by Bill Rearden and Paul Snow to comprise type for the Graphic Department.

PITTSFIELD HIGH ASSEMBLY

On Tuesday, September 29, the students and faculty of P.H.S. were entertained by Mr. Robert Terry, an expert in the field of archery. With the precision of Robin Hood, Mr. Terry demonstrated techniques and skills with the bow and arrow. Stressing safety in archery, he also exhibited several types of bows, some of which had origins dating back to the ancient Turks and Mongols.

TRI-HI-Y NOTES

The Tri-Hi-Y's have resumed their meetings under the following officers:

Alpha: president, Marilyn Deignan; vice president, Beverly Folmsbee; secretary, Helen Campagna; treasurer, Gay Skogsberg; chaplain, June Casali.

Beta: president, June Dunham; vice president, Libby Feldman; secretary, Rita Gibbs; treasurer, Pauline Chapman; chaplain, Pat Somerville.

Delta: president, Joan Duda; vice president, Sheila Magri; secretary, Mary Frieri; treasurer, Elayne Peltier; chaplain, M. Jean Marby.

Gamma: president, Barbara Dellert; vice president, Claudette Molleur; secretary, Carol Snow; treasurer, Marlene Burns; chaplain, Kathy Munn; warden, Beverly Fairfield.

Sigma: president, Elizabeth Overbaugh; vice president, Loretta Waryjasz; secretary, Mary Lou Sweet; treasurer, Constance Nefores; chaplain, Nancy Lizotte.

Zeta: president, Irma DiCroce; vice president, Joan Longton; secretary, Beverly Wasuk; treasurer, Beatrice Cullen; chaplain, Marilyn Volin; warden, Gloria Bailey.

Hi-Y: president, Stanley Plona; vice president, Larry Herzig; secretary, Robert Morwick; treasurer, Robert Hunt; chaplain, Peter Cimini; warden, Robert Nelson.

Phi-Hi-Y: president, Gary Tabor; girl vice president, Katy MacCarthy; boy vice president, Myron Schwager; secretary, Thomasina Toole; treasurer, Robert Rose; chaplain, Sara Milne; warden, Burton Albert.

BAND

This year our band, containing approximately 100 pieces, is a unit that everyone at Pittsfield High can be proud of. Its excellent performances at rallies and football games more than speaks for itself. For the first time in fifteen years we have all new band books; and, in addition, we have books of popular

songs to use at games and rallies. Under the very capable direction of Mr. Morton Wayne, the band should prove to be very successful.

MISSING FRIEND

At our first rally Mr. Strout called our attention to the fact that someone was missing from the front row. He was right. Miss Kathleen Madden, supervisor of the cafeterias and advisor to the cheerleaders, was not there. Everyone was sorry to hear that Miss Madden was ill and unable to return in September.

Miss Madden has gladly given up her own time to train the cheerleaders and to take charge of the transportation of the girls to and from the games. She has been an enthusiastic booster for the whole school.

In the spring Miss Madden resigned her position as cafeteria supervisor; upon her recovery she will join the faculty of North Junior High School. She will continue, however, after school to work with the cheerleaders. The students are fortunate that her interest in the athletic contests of P.H.S. will continue. We all wish her a speedy recovery.

During Miss Madden's absence Miss Guiltinan has taken over as adviser to the cheerleaders.

RETAIL SALES CLASS

The Retail Selling Division held its first club meeting on Monday, September 14, 1953. At this meeting the following girls were elected as class officers: president, Betty Litchfield; vice-president, June Casali; secretary, Maureen Ploss; treasurer, Margaret Vella; and publicity manager, Helen Britton.

The class voted and decided on "The Retailers of '54" as the club name. Plans were also discussed for future field trips which will be taken by the class throughout the year. The club plans to visit and entertain the children at the Crippled Children's Home again as an outside project.

"Mystery Students" Quiz Contest

Do you know your fellow students? If you do, you may win a ticket to Delta's Victory Dance. Guess who our Mystery Students are, and then bring your answers to Room 242. The first one with all the right answers wins the free ticket. Here are our clues.

1. This carrot-top skated into our midst last year from Springfield. A sophomore, he is on the hockey team and the football team. Surely you know who this shy-mannered athlete is.

2. This pretty sophomore, active on THE PEN, may often be seen lugging her unwieldy cello about. In the orchestra as well as the glee club, she finds time for swimming, at which she is very adept.

3. Take inventory of our band. You can't miss this popular trumpet player. A junior, but not just any old Tom, Dick or Harry, he is known for his skiing and avidity for classical music.

4. This pretty blonde junior may be seen in the school orchestra strumming on her huge bass viol. Don't let her quiet, soft-spoken mannerisms fool you. We hear that she is quite a "whiz" on skis.

5. Surely you must have seen this long stretch of a senior "drumming" around school. A sharp dresser, he is known to be quite a cut-up. You know who this blonde Jerry Lewis is.

6. As tiny as she is, this blonde senior scintillates with a wit that is all her own. She's active in girls' sports and is also on THE PEN's staff. You can easily guess who this tiny "barbwire" is.

Miss Guiltinan: "Paula Waxstein, would you please give your oral topic?"

Paula complied with the request.

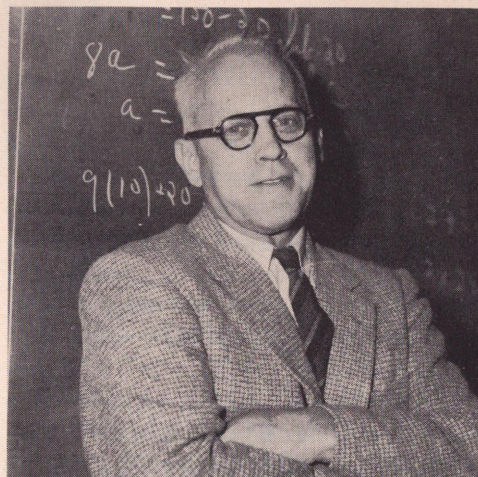
Miss Guiltinan: "Any comments on Paula's topic, class? None—oh, Paula!"

Paula Waxstein: "I thought the oral topic was pretty good myself."

THE FACULTY

MR. MILTON J. HERRICK

Teaches Algebra 1 and 2, business Arithmetic . . . Born in Ludlow, Vermont . . . Graduated from high school in Springfield, Vermont . . . Taught in Bellows Falls, Vermont, and Bridgeton, Maine . . . Taught at Pittsfield High School from 1927 to 1945; was leader of Pittsfield Hi-Y for ten years and class adviser for seven senior P.H.S. classes . . . Returns this year after a leave of absence . . . Enjoys watching football games, likes to ski and play handball . . . Comment: "Glad to be back."

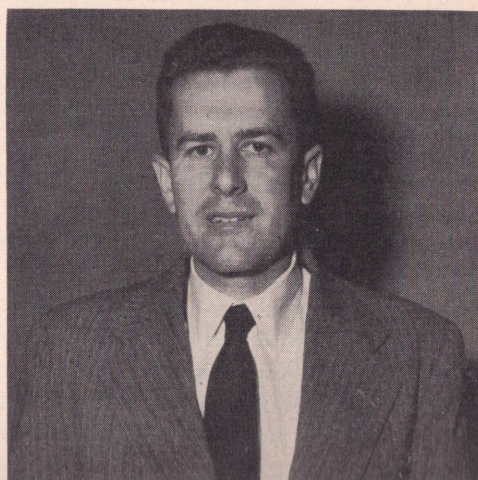


MISS MARGARET R. CURTIN

Teaches French . . . Graduated from New Rochelle with a B.A. . . did graduate work at Columbia for an M.A. . . studied at the Sorbonne in France . . . Before coming to P.H.S. taught at Greenfield High School . . . Hobbies: dramatics, walking, and life in general . . . Comments: *Pittsfield High is a very enjoyable place to teach.*

MR. MALCOLM R. PLATT

Teaches Technical math and electricity . . . Graduated from Putnam High School in Connecticut, and the University of Connecticut with a B.S. and a N.E.E. . . Was an instructor at his Alma Mater from 1947-1950 . . . Member of the U. S. Army Corps of Engineers from 1944-1946; Veteran of Korean War . . . Married; two daughters . . . General interest; farming and anything mechanical or electrical.



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MR. WILLIAM J. SHEA

Teaches vocational related math and science . . . Born in North Adams . . . Graduated from P.H.S. . . Worked at General Electric from 1940-1942 . . . Served in the Navy from 1942-1945 . . . Went back to General Electric; then left this year to teach here . . . Lives in Dalton . . . Married; three children . . . Hobby: television repairing . . . Comment: "P.H.S. has changed since I was here."

PITTSFIELD HIGH RALLIES

On September 18, prior to the P.H.S.-Springfield Tech. game, the first rally of the 1953 football season was held. The band, ably led by Mr. Wayne, added much to the atmosphere set by our peppy cheerleaders, who are Jane Lundberg, captain; Rosalind Bishop, Anna Boscardin, Jane Heath, Betty Overbaugh, Sondra Sable, Sandy Dorman, Marilyn Farrell, and "Bunny" Waryjasz.

On Friday, October second, another really super rally got everybody enthused about the P.H.S.-Adams game.

THE GREAT CHANGE

If it has seemed abnormally quiet in the halls this fall, the phenomenon can be attributed to the fact that Pittsfield High School is without its lowly freshmen for the first time in four years. This year the ninth grade went to North and South Junior High Schools, taking with them fifteen teachers from P.H.S.

Although many of these teachers taught just ninth grade classes, they will be missed for their genuine interest in Pittsfield High School and its various projects. We wish them all good luck in their new positions.

AN EXPERIMENT IN GOVERNMENT

In June 1953, there convened at the University of Massachusetts 450 boys of the Junior Classes from all parts of the Bay State. The purpose of the American Legion-sponsored Boys' State is to provide eight days of intensive training in the workings of our democratic form of government.

The four delegates from Pittsfield High School were James Bienick, Bruce Robarge, David Cullen and James Demetry.

This year's program consisted of a welcoming address from the director of Boys' State and instructions for the coming sessions. Then the delegates were assigned to twelve different cities and towns and four counties of Massachusetts. Each of the first twelve groups elected a mayor, a city council, and other officials of city government. For the gubernatorial elections the 450 boys were divided into two parties, each party holding a convention and nominating a candidate for the position of Governor of Boys' State. Classes in law and citizenship were held daily.

FRANCAIS

By Sonia Kronick, '55

I have a little French book
That seems to follow me;
At school, at home, in classes,
It haunts me constantly.

My mind is in a dither;
Translations fly from me;
I can't remember simple words,
Quel mauvais esprit!

But one thought stays to tempt me—
To work day after day,
To answer "oui" to people who
Ask "Parley-vous francais?"



Students vote in Room 203

STUDENT COUNCIL ELECTIONS

The Student Council elections were held October 14 and the following representatives were elected:

Grade 12

Joe Spadafora	Kristine Bonnivier
Larry Herzig	Carol Prentiss
Bill Barstow	Betty Overbaugh
Jim Ditello	Jane Lundberg
Dan Petruzella	Jean Marby

Grade 11

Herbert Evans	Beverly Furey
John Navin	Sandra Zorbo
Peter Cimini	Tina Sinopoli

Grade 10

Cris Gilson	Rita Simmons
Dave Ditello	Marilyn Chapman

HOME ROOM REPRESENTATIVES

- 14—Ralph Sitzman, Wayne Wilbur, Frank Aulisio
 101—Clifford Adams, Charles Hamilton, Joseph Sawick
 102—Stanley Plona, Fred Delamarter, Robert Rice
 103—Leo Cook, James Broderick, David Ditello
 104—Allen Giroux, David McEneany, Alfred Pires
 105—Ronald Barnes, Richard Rufo, Fred Armstrong

- 107—Betty Litchfield and June Casali
 110—Fred Bothwell and Pauline Bailey
 137—Beverly Carlo and Alan Clayson
 138—John Dallmeyer and Martha Cox
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Editors—Lois Bates, Ann MacDonald
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GENERAL GYM PICTURE

Although the girls have no interscholastic competition, they still have plenty of school sports in which to keep active. There is keen competition between classes, and every tournament and game is hard-fought but sportsman-like.

There are many sports in which the girls can take part during all seasons. From the beginning of fall up almost until the snow flies there is field hockey. The tangy air and the thwack of hockey sticks against shin guards attract many girls to this rather rough-and-tumble sport. At the same time, inside the gym, the juniors are having badminton instruction.

In the late fall volleyball appears on the scene; the gym walls re-echo to the shouts of "Front line, play the net" and "Hey! no fair hitting the ball three times."

All through the winter no gym basketball is safe from the tortures of being tossed through hoops and pounded mercilessly against the backboards. The gym is really jumping. The long basketball season winds up with an interclass tourney after the round robin teams have had playoffs to see who will be on the class teams.

Another very popular winter activity takes place at the Pastime Bowling Alleys. A group of five girls can make up a bowling team; at the end of a twelve week season the highest teams are chosen to compete against each other. There is an individual tourney

also, and medals and trophies are awarded to team and individual winners.

During the winter, also, girls who seem part fish or swan get a chance to perfect those traits at swimming classes in the Boys' Club Pool.

With the advent of spring comes softball. Here the Josephine DiMaggio's and Roberta Feller's display their form.

The badminton stars of the previous fall see whether their technique is as good during the spring tournament.

Last, but not least, the more sedentary-minded souls work out in ping-pong; then, another year of girls' sports is ended.

FIELD HOCKEY

No sooner does school open in the fall when the crack of balls hitting wood re-sounds from the school athletic field. No, it's not a baseball game in progress, but girls trying out for a favorite fall sport—field hockey.

A hockey team ordinarily has ten members—six regulars and four substitutes. This means that thirty girls from the three classes are on teams. This year, however, a new system is being tried out by Miss McNaughton, who coaches the sport. There will be both a Varsity and a J.V. team for each class, which means that twice as many girls can be on teams.

Sophomore Hockey—The sophomores who went out for field hockey showed great

promise after only one practice session. Some real action is expected from Bev Carlo, Marty Cox, Aud Sellnick, Carolyn Hyde, Pauline Lisi, Marty Gomes, Barb Hitchcock, Pat Gillespie, Pat Rivers, Pat Stanley, Gail Eldridge, Phyl Lombardi, Ann Maloy, Mary Ann Carity, Marge Dunn, Frances De Fazio and Doris Felton.

Junior Hockey—During the next few weeks many of the junior girls will once again be participating. As usual, the excitement of the sport is great, and it will be interesting to watch the Juniors try to capture the 1953 championship—if the sophs and seniors let them. Some of the prospects from last year's team are Daryl Messer, Kathy Goerlach, Steph Wojtkowski, Carolyn Cassidy, Eva Todd, Sue Strong, and Bev Furey. Newcomers who also show promise are Sandy Zorbo, Pat Frank, Sara Varanka, Ann Thacker, Bea Evans, Marlene Langenback, and Lucia Cultrera.

Senior Hockey—Trying to win the championship, as last year's seniors did, is going to be the big aim of the girls trying out for senior hockey. Many of the girls are old hands, and have been on a team for two or three years. "Butch" Turner, Helen Noon, Joan Duda, Joan May, Shirley Norton, "Mort" Gerlach, Marion Root, "Bunny" Morrison, Lois Mann, Carolyn Sykes, Barb Rice, Kris Bonnavier, Bev Boos, Ann MacDonald, Bev Wasuk, Barb Calebaugh, and Kathy Maguire will be fighting it out to see which ten of them will be on the varsity team.

Odds and Ends—Each Friday, for their third gym class of the week, the sophs go to the auditorium, where they learn the theory of all sports, discuss rules, and see films showing techniques . . . This year, for the first time, gym is elective for senior girls. There are two senior gym classes—both on Friday. Although the two groups are small, the girls still participate in team sports . . . During their senior year, girls who are interested in gym become gym helpers. They help get out

equipment, and generally give aid to the gym instructors whenever it is needed. It is difficult to pin down exactly their duties, but, as Miss Morgan and Miss McNaughton say, they are "indispensable seniors". This year, the gym helpers are Joan Duda, Shirley Norton, Kathy Maguire, Joan Bushey, Winnie White, Carolyn Turner, Katy MacCarthy, and Connie Creamer.



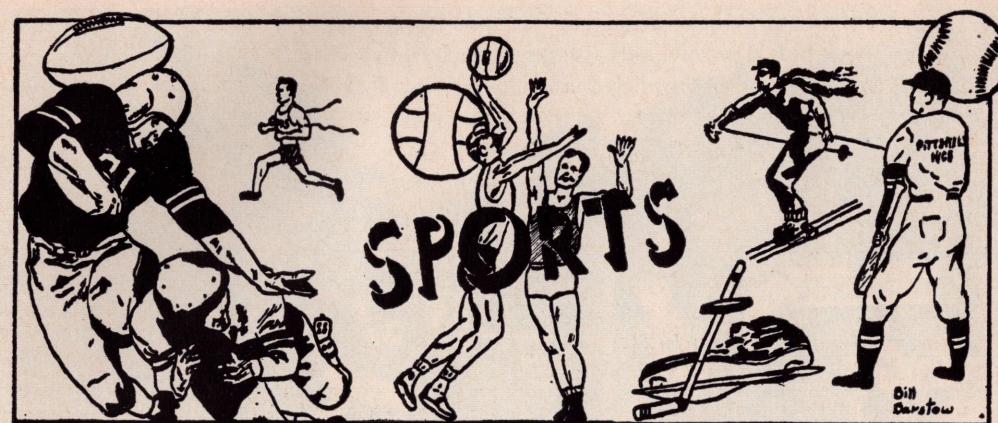
Juniors practice for game with Seniors

SPEEDBALL

A new game is being taught to all the girls' gym classes this year. Speedball combines elements of three sports. The dribble, drive and trap of soccer; the passing and juggling of basketball; and the punt, drop kick, and forward pass of football are all utilized. Classes are enthusiastic (Coach Fox, take note), and speedball may be the answer for those hardy individuals who "crave" football for girls.

JUNIOR BADMINTON

Although not too much can be told from one practice, there are quite a few promising net stars in the badminton classes. Among those diligently working at the exclusively junior sport under Miss Morgan's coaching are Steph Wojtkowski, Bev Furey, Heather Nesbit, Sue Strong, Julie Heye, Judy Eldridge, Janet Minkley, Isabel Moon, Jean Potash, Mary Lou Chaffee, Sara Milne, Judy Herberg, Bev Pemble and Doris Donald. Future practices, however, may reveal experts not yet discovered.



PITTSFIELD BATTLES TECH TO A 7-7 TIE

By Thomas Morrier

The fans at Wahconah Park Saturday afternoon, September 19, saw the Purple and White eleven start off their season by tying a big Technical High team, 7-7.

Pittsfield relied upon their hard crashing men, Jim Ditello and Nick Knysh, along with the elusive Jake Evans. Tech used Bourlis and Chase as running backs.

In the opening minutes of play Joe Spada for a recovered a Tech fumble and Nick Knysh, five plays later, took the ball on a reverse to the left side and scampered 39 yards for a touchdown. Bob Lester then kicked the extra point. The Pittsfield squad looked very good all through the first half as Tech was unable to set foot in our territory.

As the second half wore on, the Tech team seemed to get stronger. The already sharp passing of Bourlis gained them considerable yardage.

Herzig and McKnight were the outstanding linemen for P.H.S.; Cava led the forward wall of Springfield. Our line held up well whenever Tech threatened.

The Technicians finally scored in the last quarter by capitalizing on a blocked punt on the Pittsfield 30. Bourlis scored on an end run from the four. He also lugged the ball around left end for the extra point.

PITTSFIELD BOWS TO WESTFIELD 28-14

The Purple and White lost a hard-fought game, 28 to 14, to Westfield, Saturday afternoon, September 26, in Westfield. This was the first meeting of the two clubs in football. Judging from the fine spirit and sportsmanship displayed by the Westfield team and spectators, this is sure to be the beginning of a long and friendly rivalry between the two schools.

All through the first half the P.H.S. line held up solidly against the larger Westfield wall. As the second half progressed, the superior weight, size, and bench strength of the opposition began to tell on our men.

Pittsfield drew first blood when Jake Evans scooted through a mammoth hole in the Westfield line for ten yards and a touchdown. The score was set up with the recovery by Charley Enright of a Westfield fumble on their ten-yard line. The kick for the extra point was blocked.

During the second quarter our line seemed to have heavier Westfield completely under control. Pittsfield scored again when Alan Clayson, a promising sophomore halfback, intercepted a pass and carried the ball to the Westfield twenty. A few plays later Ditello crashed through to score from the thirteen. Again the conversion was blocked.



Jake Evans eludes tacklers as he skirts around left end

The first Westfield touchdown was accounted for by a long pass from Kowalczyk and a line plunge from the five. They rushed for the extra point.

Minutes before the half ended Kowalczyk, receiving the kickoff, was trapped behind his own goal line for a safety, giving Pittsfield two more points. The half time score was 14-7.

In the second half the weight of the Westfield team told the story. Pittsfield was not able to score again while Westfield tallied thrice more. Kowalczyk threw three fine passes which set up their three touchdowns in the second half. All their extra points were made by rushing.

A note should be made here concerning the comparative numbers of the two schools. Although P.H.S. has approximately twice as large a student body as Westfield, our bench

strength could not even approach theirs. This may or may not have been a dominant factor in our loss. At any rate, knowing that there was a capable group of boys ready to substitute if needed would have been a big boost to the first team.

P.H.S. TAKES ADAMS

by Paul Prendergast

Wahconah Park was the scene on October 3 of the football team's first night game of the season. The score was 13 to 0 in favor of P.H.S.

Sparkling the P.H.S. offense, which did not seem to click during the first half, were Herb Evans and Nick Knysh. Superb running in the third quarter by Herb Evans set up the first touchdown, which was scored by Jim Ditello on a line plunge. Nick Knysh, a speedy hard-running back, ran 78 yards for the sec-

ond tally. Bob Lester, after missing the first try, completed his second from sixteen yards out, set by a backfield-in-motion penalty. The team showed a marked improvement over its previous showings.

In this 37th meeting of these two traditional rivals, P.H.S. (clinching victory for the second consecutive year) has won 19 games to Adams 15.

DRURY OVERWHELMS P.H.S. 25-12

by Thomas Morrier, '54

Fans at Noel Feld in North Adams on Saturday, October 10, saw a well-oiled Drury squad beat Pittsfield 25-12.

Although our line fought hard throughout the game, the superior size of the hard charging Drury wall did not allow our linemen to get to the fleet North Adams backs.

In the third quarter Jimmy Ditello smashed over from the seven after Charley Enright recovered a Drury fumble. Our second tally was rung up by Larry Herzig, who achieved the lineman's dream by stealing the ball from a Drury man and running 79 yards for a touchdown.

Sharing lineman's honors with Larry Herzig was Bob Morwick, 148-pound left guard. Although he is comparatively small in size, he made up for his weight in spirit and drive as he worked hard all through the game.

BOOSTER GAME

By Paul Prendergast, '54

Before a crowd of 2000 people on October 17, at Wahconah Park, P.H.S. lost to Greenfield, in its annual booster game, by a score of 50 to 20.

Although Greenfield led by the slim score of 13 to 7 at the half, P.H.S. couldn't stop the powerful Greenfield march during the second half. Four out of the eight Greenfield tallies came within the last twelve minutes of play.

Larry Herzig, playing heads-up ball, recovered two Greenfield fumbles, which were later turned into scores. Two passes from Herb Evans to Dick McKnight, with timely blocks by Jim Ditello, accounted for the other P.H.S. tallies. Bob Lester made two conversions.

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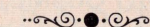
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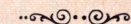
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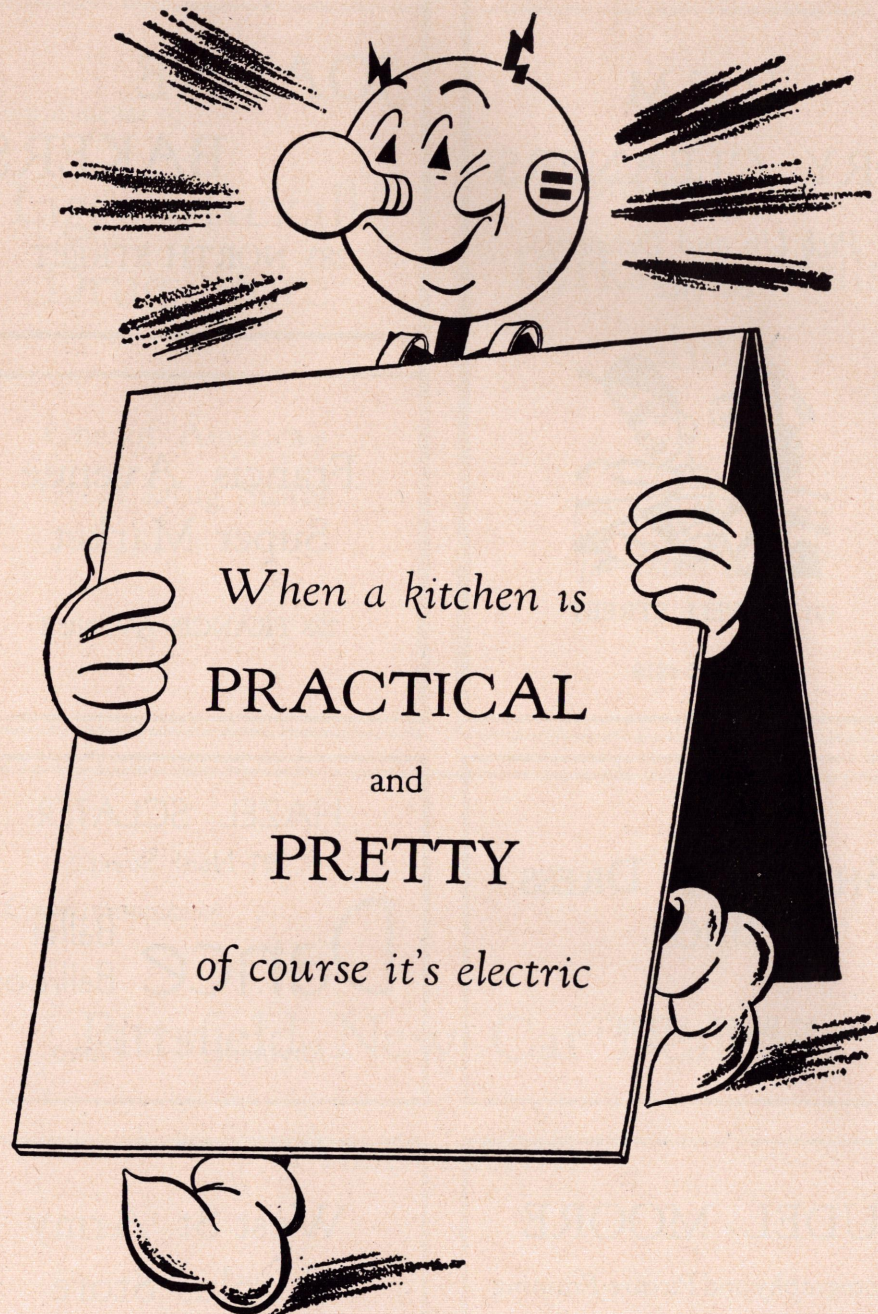
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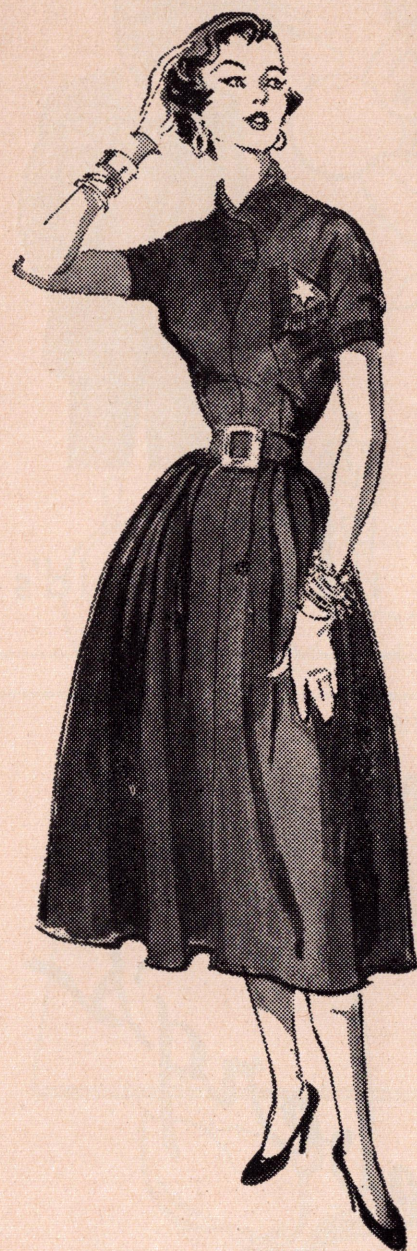
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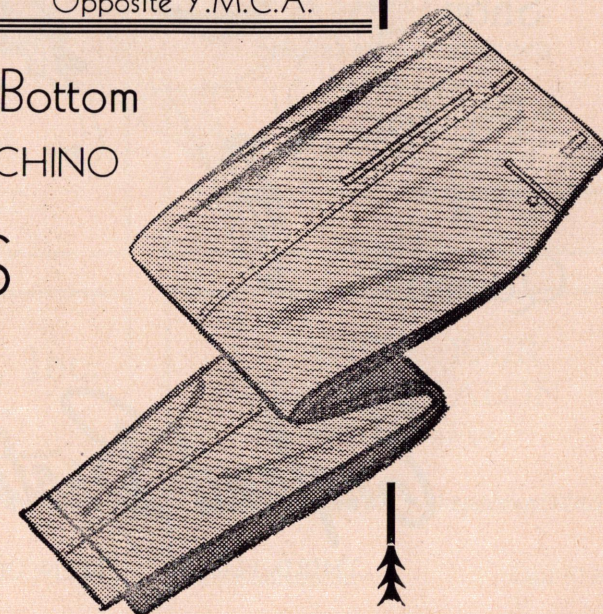
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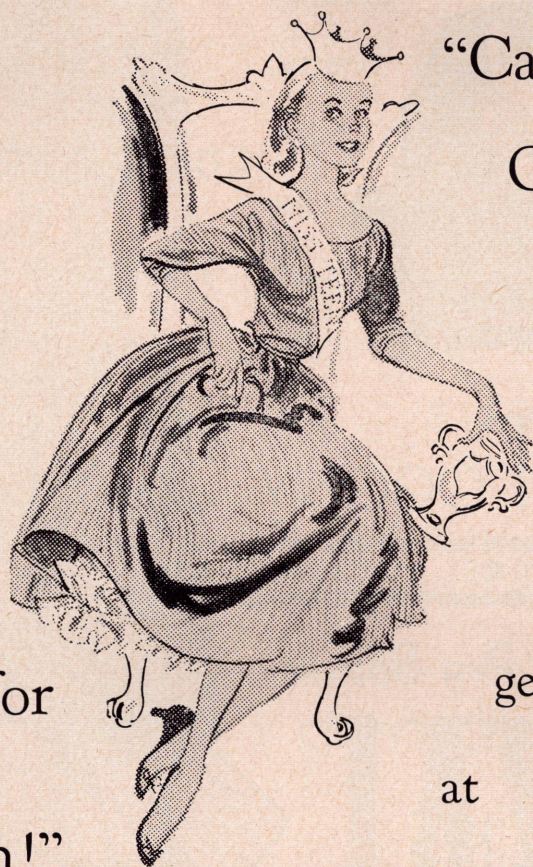
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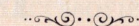
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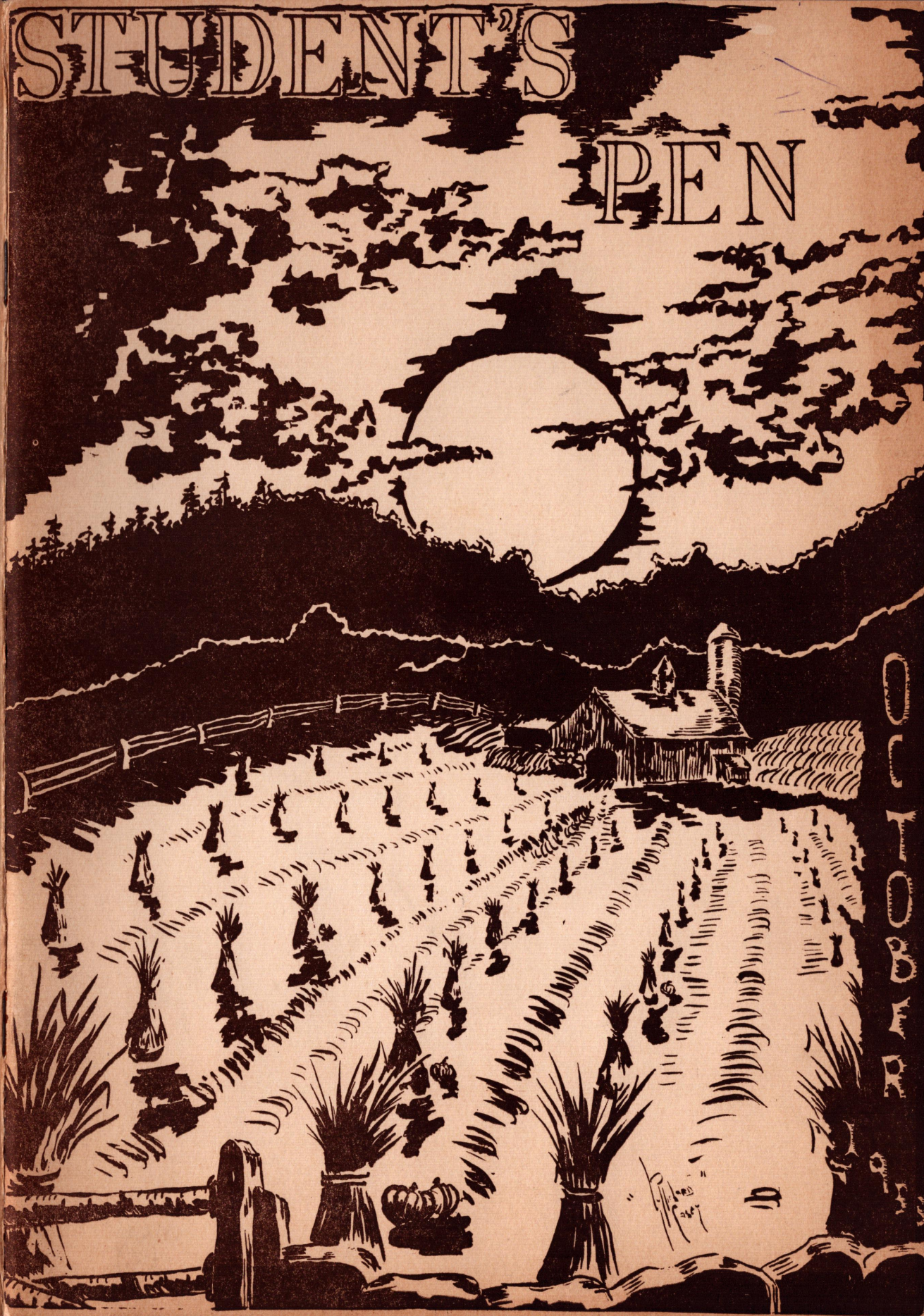
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